

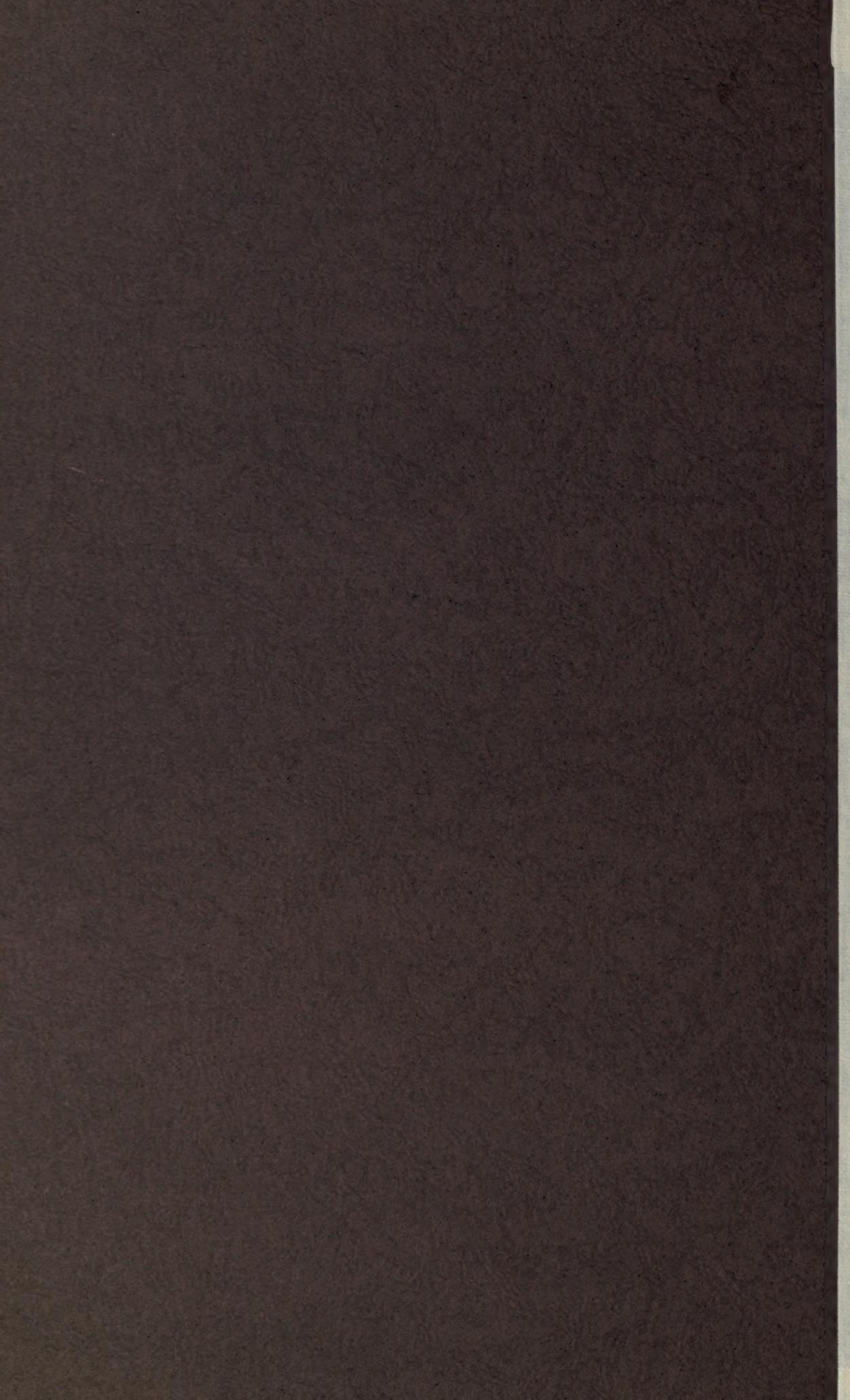
JOCHUMSSON - SHAKESPEARE

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J63



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1616-1916

On the Tercentenary Commemoration
OF

S H A K E S P E A R E

ULTIMA THULE

Sendeth Greeting

AN ICELANDIC POEM BY

MATTHIAS JOCHUMSSON

WITH TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH BY

ISRAEL GOLLANZ

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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This poem, in the ancient mother-tongue of Scandinavia and in the old Northern *Kviða*, was intended for the “*Book of Homage*”, but was belated owing to the great disturbance of mail routes and navigation. The author is the veteran poet of Iceland and translator of Shakespeare. No one more nobly represents the living tradition of Old Northern poetry.

The translation was printed in the *Times Literary Supplement* of September 14.

The translator desires to thank Dr. Jón Stefansson for kind help.

I. G.

TO MR.
ANDREW LLOYD.

VILHJÁLMUR SHAKESPEARE

1616-1916

I

HEILL þér Albion !

Ultima Thule

sendir *salutem*

Shakespeare's móður,—

sendir *salutem*

—sól og stjörnur

vitni séu—

veröld allri.

Sendir *salutem*

Shakespeare's anda,

þeim er enginn eins

áður né síðan

lunderni lýða

með listum dró,

og andans eining

i óði sýndi.

þig veit eg Shakespeare,

sona verþjóða

i skáldaheimi

skörung mestan :

spámönnum spákari,

spekingum vitrari,

börnum bjartsýnni,

Braga líkastan.

I

HAIL to thee, Albion !

Ultima Thule

sendeth *salutem*

to Shakespeare's Mother.

Sendeth *salutem*

—Sun and stars

be my witness !—

to all the wide world.

Sendeth *salutem*

to Shakespeare's spirit !

None like to him,

aforetime or after,

the cravings of mortals

so cunningly drew,

the soul universal

in song-craft revealed.

Thee know I, Shakespeare,

of the sons of men

in the mansions of song

foremost, supreme :

wiser than seer,

wiser than sage,

more bright-eyed than child,

likest to Bragi !

VILHJÁLMUR SHAKESPEARE

II

Tamdi eg ungar
—em nú átræður—,
orð að yrkja
á Óðins tungu ;
var og enn ungar
er mig ofurhugi
í arma Shakespeare's
við arnsúg dró.

Macbeth fyrstur,
inn meginrammi,
freistaði míni
til Fjölnis iðju ;
hét eg á Iðunni,
hét á Braga,
en fyrst og fremst
mína feðratungu.

því að und hennar
hjartarótum
vissi eg feiknustafi
flesta liggja,
Egils og Ormstungu
afl og kyngi,
svik svartálfa,
söng ljósálfa.

Minti mig *Macbeth*
á megingrimman
Hákon jarl
og Hölgabréði,

II

Young was I wont
—now four-score years—
to fashion words
in Odin's tongue ;
and young was I,
when Shakespeare's arms,
with eagle's swoop,
drew me, too bold.

Macbeth first,
mighty and fateful,
tempted me onward
to Odin's task ;
invok'd I Ithunn,
invok'd I Bragi,
foremost of all
my Father-speech.

For deep a-down,
under its heart-roots,
hidden I wist
dark runes enow,—
the prowess and craft
of Egil and Wormtongue,
the swart-elves' guile,
the light-elves' song.

Minded me *Macbeth*
of twain of grim might,—
Hakon the Earl,
Helgi's weird bride,

VILHJÁLMUR SHAKESPEARE

á rógmálm Rínar,
á Regins mál,
Helreið Brynhildar
og Hundingsbana.

of the deadly Rhine-gold,
Regin's deceit,
Brynhild's hell-journey,
dead Helgi's return.

Loks var teninga
tólfum kastað,
greip eg fárramman
fylki Skota
báðum mundum
að Bragafulli ;
þýddi þrjár rennur,
þrisvar skráði.

The dice were cast
—the double six !
Gripp'd I the chieftain,
grimmest of Scots,—
with two hands gripp'd I
the vowing cup ;
and thrice I ventured,
and thrice I wrought.

Næst fann eg nornir
norræns anda
í draumdjúpum
Dana-prinsi ;
sá þar sýnir
seinni alda
sjúkra sálna
og siðspillingar.

Next found I Norns
—the breath of the North—
in the dreamy depths
of *Denmark's Prince* ;
saw I foreshadow'd
the sicken'd souls
of the later age,
and the wasted lives.

Saman dragast þar
dulvísindi
eilífðar óms
og ægidóma ;
dreymt hefir Hamlet
Dies illa,
náhljóð þau er nú
nísta heiminn.

Compact are there
close mysteries
of heav'nly harmony
and direst dooms ;
yea, Hamlet dreamt
this day of wrath,
these cries of death
that crush the world.

VILHJÁLMUR SHAKESPEARE

þá við *Othelló's*

ægi-drama

átti míð iþrótt

erfiðan leik.

Set eg það sjónspil

sýnu ofar

harmleik hverjum,

er eg hefi séð.

Rómeó og Júliu

reyndi eg síðast

í Sögulands

að sýna gerfi—

óð þess elds

er ísa bræðir

eins á Ísafold

sem Ítalíu ;

þar sem elskendur

ástir sungu

svo veröld öll

viknaði og grét ;

þá er Rómeó

reis frá dauðum

krýndur keisari

af kossi meyjar ;

en draumur sá

varð dauðaspá :

djarfari dómsdag

dró eigi Angelo.

Then on *Othello's*

awesome plot

plied I my skill,—

no petty sport !

Set I these scenes

supreme, above

all themes of woe

mine eyes have met.

Romeo and Juliet

reach'd I last,

in Saga-land

to shape anew,—

the song of fire

that melteth ice

in Iceland

as in Italy ;

where the twain lovers

so their love did sing,

that all the world

was moved and wept ;

When Romeo

from death arose,

crown'd Emperor

by maiden's kiss,

and yet his dream

foreboded death,

bolder doomsday

drew not Angelo !

VILHJÁLMUR SHAKESPEARE

III

Heyri Albion,
heyri allir lýðir
orð átræðs manns
frá Ultima Thule—
heyr þau Urðarorð
að með ofríki
aldregi vinnast
hin æðstu gæði.

Sú ein þjóð
mun sigri hrósa,
er bezt skilur
sína beztu menn ;
allur ofstopi
er auðnuleysi,
því að rétt og satt
skal ráða heimi.

Heyr þú, heyr
höfuðengill skálda :
Sér þú eigi hið vitstola
veraldarstríð ?
Tak lúður þinn
og lát hann gjalla
ógnar-orði
yfir æði þjóða !

Blás inar bólvuðu
banavélar
niður fyrir Nifheim
og Nástrandir.
Blás í brottu
blóðs og tára
syndaflóð
fyr en sekkur fold.

III

Hear, Albion,
hear peoples all,
an old man's words
from Ultima Thule !
Hear fateful words :—
By brutal force
ne'er shall be won
the highest good.

That folk alone
shall vaunt of victory
who knoweth best
her best of men ;
over-weening
is ill-fated ;
right and truth
shall rule the world !

Hear thou, hear,
the skalds' archangel :—
See'st not all-witless
this war of the world ?
Take thou thy trump,
let it blare forth
menacing words
o'er the madness of men !

Blow hence accus'd
machines of death,
deeper than hell,
than the homes of Death !
Blow hence afar
this deluge of blood,
this deluge of tears,
ere the world be drown'd !

VILHJÁLMUR SHAKESPEARE

Blástu, blástu
bruna heiftir
blindra lýða
brott af jörðu !
Blástu, blástu
bræðra sættir,
vek úr álögum
vitstola þjóðir !

Boða þú Bretaskáld
betri tíma,
þú sem þrjár aldir
þótt sért liðinn
sungið hefir samúð
og sáttir þjóða
öllum betur
andaðra og lífs.

Ekkert afl,
engir herflotar,
eins og andi þinn
England verja :
blás þú og blás :
betri koma tiðir :
þú og Albion
munuð æ lifa !

Blow hence, blow hence,
the burning hate
of blinded men,
afar from Earth !
Blow thou, blow,
great reconciler,
wake from their spells
the witless world !

Speak, Britain's bard,
of better times !
Through ages three,
tho' thou art gone,
hast sung of kinship,
the goodwill of men,
better than any,
living or dead.

No mighty force,
no fleets of war,
can as thy spirit
England guard !
Blow thou, blow !
Come better times.
Thou and Albion
shall live for aye !

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